Women!—Here Is a Page for Them

The Only Woman Stage Director

By FRANCES L. GARSIDE

MEN have become accustomed to looking over the tops of their newspapers to discover a woman is collecting the fare, that it is a woman's voice that is asking "Shine?" and that women everywhere, from the time one goes up in the elevator to one's office, to the day's arrival of traveling "men," are filling all the jobs at one time regarded as traditionally the jobs for the masculine sex.

There should, then, be no surprise at learning that one woman has become a stage director. Her name is Lillian Trimble Bradley, and she is general stage director for the Broadhurst Theater and productions in New York City, being the only woman stage director in the world.

This is not, as you might think, an easy thing to do. A stage director must possess the power to visualize scenes, and be able to transpose them from the written manuscript to the stage, and make them actable in their oral form. There is a certain amount of stage business to go with every line; an actor enters, rises, walks across the stage, turns, sits down, gets up, and goes off, not by accident, but by following a certain cue. All this means hours of tiresome rehearsals, and it was thought, till Mrs. Bradley entered on the scene, that no woman had the physical strength for the ordeal.

This is not all; the stage director plans the layout of the scene models, compiles the property lists which include the various articles used in every act; sometimes he selects the costumes, and sometimes he has charge of the lighting system.

As far back as she can remember Mrs. Bradley has been interested in the theater. Her home was in Milford, Ky., and she was sent to a convent in Paris for her education. Her eyesight being poor, she enjoyed many privileges not usually given to students, and accompanied by a nun, went often to a neighborhood theater. She became such a familiar figure that she was permitted to attend rehearsals and occasionally make suggestions. Antoine, the Belasco of the French stage, became interested in her and allowed her to aid in the staging of two of his productions.

When she had reached mature years she spent some time in Moscow where she unofficially staged several plays at the Moscow Art Theater. She was also engaged in writing plays, and when she returned to America she brought with her four completed plays all of which were sold to American producers. It was through the production of one of these plays, "The Woman on the Index," that she met George Broadhurst, and was permitted to assist in the directing.

Like other plays she had written, "The Woman on the Index" was a failure, but she had shown such ability as a stage director that he promised her that in the next play he put on she could have a free rein.

This happened to be a play that presented unusual problems in stage settings and in the creation of a mysterious atmosphere. Her chance had come at last and in "The Crimson Alibi" she did more than plan for the production; she won over carpenters, shifters, electricians, property men, etc., who had resented being "bossed" by a woman, and she took hammer and saw, and worked with them. They discovered that she knew what she wanted and that what she wanted was right, and were her sworn allies ever after.

The stage lighting for "The Crimson Alibi" has an influence upon the audience of which the audience is not fully conscious. Assisted by her knowledge of chemistry, Mrs. Bradley produced a color scheme that makes those present reach a high nervous tension. This manipulation of colors concentrates the attention of the audience and keeps it attuned to a pitch of tremendous interest thus assisting the gripping qualities of the play. It may be diminished in the same manner, intensifying or relaxing the interest (nervous tension) as desired. The effect is weird; it is a great asset in the success of the play.

With the next play, "The Storm," which Mr. Broadhurst accepted, again Mrs. Bradley scored a success. The depth of the forest, as it appeared to the spectator, seemed infinite, and one felt that it went on and on and on, far from civilization. So great was her success with the production of these two plays that Mr. Broadhurst recently sent her to London to stage the English production of "The Crimson Alibi."

She continues to write plays, and "The Wonderful Thing," the latest work from her pen, achieved instant success.

"Success came to me after a long struggle," she says, "I regard it as being at least fifteen years late. I was competent to do this work when twenty-five but my family always objected to any connection with the stage. Now that I am forty I am working hard to make up for the fifteen years which I am satisfied I lost."

MRS. LILLIAN TRIMBLE BRADLEY

Working on the model for a stage scene in the laboratory of her home.

The Folks Next Door

"I DO NOT want to knock on the government," said the grumbler next door, "but since it insisted that every member of a family keep a budget, peace has left our home. In the evening I try to figure where a missing dime went, and instead of forgetting what has proven a tiresome day, I am compelled to go over it in retrospect, to find out. My wife used to read her women's magazines in comfort; now she calls on every member of the family to prove her contention that it was $2.65 she paid the butcher, and not $2.67 as her expense account shows. As for the children: Say, how can they study their lessons when they spend the evening disputing over what was paid for lollypops? I believe in thrift, but think we should have a little more of what Grant wanted, and that is peace."

There is this in favor of the man who has "ornery" kin; he is a better companion than the man whose kin are wealthy or aristocratic, not being given to boasting.

When the preacher comes to that part of the marriage service where he asks those who have objections to make them known, or forever hold their peace, no one says a word, but ninety per cent of those present are knocking so hard on the wedding that their hearts are going at it like woodpeckers on a tree.

"No, he can't hear a thing," the relatives of a deaf man invariably say, "except those remarks which we don't want him to hear. Then his ears seem perfectly good."

When there is a wedding much flattering attention is given the bride, and a few who know express some admiration for the father who pays the bills. But the real star performer is the mother. She is the one who hears the demands of her daughter on one side for more money, and the protests of her husband on the other that so much is being spent. She swings between wifely duty and the pride of a mother and usually swings too far as a mother. Then—when it is all over and she has stood the storm of complaints about bills—her daughter treats her patronizingly, that being the manner of young matrons. And, if she has the common misfortune, she brings her husband "back home" to live. Through it all the mother makes no complaint.

Lysander John Appleton recently went to great expense in putting on the parlor wall the costliest paper on the market. When he returned the following day he found his wife had used it as a background for seventeen enlarged pictures of her kin.

Not more than two of a woman's relatives can visit her at the same time, without her husband looking crowded.

There is a great deal of money spent on silly little sugar cupids for the tops of wedding cakes considering the unceasing appetite of a long future for plain bread.

It often happens that that which has been a heavy cross to bear works out for one's glory ultimately.

"Mrs. X," said a woman admiringly, "is the head of our church social committee, and the woman of greatest authority in the church. You see she was once compelled to keep boarders and the experience taught her how to carve one chicken to do the work of five. We give her all the credit when our church suppers are a financial success."

There is so much of national scope that is of grave import that the reformers are not attending to affairs of more local nature. Now, for instance: This is the season when every one is giving showers to the expectant brides. Isn't it true that they don't need hose, handkerchiefs, linens, etc., in such quantities as they are receiving them? Isn't is also true that women who have been married as long as twenty years are in greater need? Therefore, shower those for whom a shower means supplying a necessity, not the handing of a compliment. This reform is so urgently needed it should be attended to, though national ills suffer consequent neglect.

You may have wondered why Mrs. Lysander John Appleton looks so worried. She is to leave her home a week from Wednesday to visit a relative living twenty miles away, and is worrying for fear she will miss her train.

Marriage sometimes, alas, has the effect on a Cupid's bow mouth of turning it upside down.

It Costs Many Millions for Powder and Perfume

QUITE naturally, every woman wants to look beautiful to everybody in general, and to at least one person in particular. Every man wants every woman to look beautiful, but he usually wants one woman to look considerably prettier than the rest of them.

Therefore, if nature seems a bit careless now and then in the scheme of things, and fails to supply properly tinted lips or complexions, or noses that do not shine, the ladies feel it quite important and necessary to obtain the requisite articles for making good such oversight.

And the men, who ever have an eye and desire for artistic perfection, to say nothing of an ever-present desire to please womankind, cheerfully say "amen" to the proposition, and furnish the cash whenever needed. in generous quantities for such purposes.

It is also a well known fact that since the earliest days of history, men have displayed more than passing interest in members of the opposite sex whose judgment was good in the selection and application of delicately scented powder and perfume.

These natural and century-old conditions will easily explain why the growth of industrial plants for the manufacture of cosmetics and perfume in this country has been so phenomenal.

The value of the annual products of such plants is a trifle more than $26,000,000. The added profit of the retailers, of course, makes the amount paid by the ladies several million dollars more.

If the women of this fair land were obliged to discontinue the use of cosmetics and perfume, 6,000 employes, whose wages aggregate $4,000,000 per year, would be thrown out of employment, and $10,000,000 worth of manufacturing plants would have to be junked or converted into paint mills. Most of these plants are located in New York, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan and Missouri.

War Erases Prejudice

A GREAT prejudice which at one time existed in Britain against women doctors, especially among women, gradually is dying down. During the war, owing to the dearth of men doctors, many women were forced to the consulting room of the female practitioner regarding their various maladies. The woman doctor had a chance to prove herself. She is no longer regarded as a "crank." Nowadays girl "medicals" are so strong numerically that their presence is taken as a matter of course.

A professor of one of the universities recently said the girl students are much less given to fainting at the sight of operations than are the men students. Girls also display greater courage when given their first "subject" to dissect.

A large proportion of the women students fail to take their final examinations, some because they have not the grit and determination to stick to their studies and others because they take up matrimony as a career.

The wise man doesn't try to understand woman, he just struggles to get along with her.

Married men have the last word—but one.